

*London Printed & Sold by L. LAVENU Music Seller to His
Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, 29 New Bond Street*



THE ORPHANS PRAYER,

A Pathetic Ballad,

THE WORDS BY

M. G. Lewis, Esq.

and Set to Music

with an Accompaniment for the

Harp or Piano Forte,

BY
MISS ABRAMS.

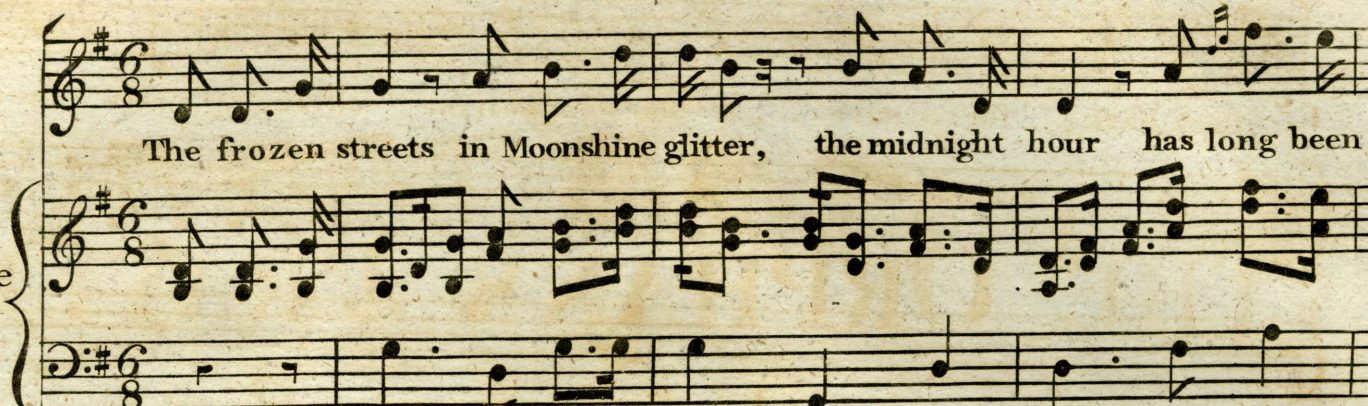
Ent^d at Stationers Hall

Pr. 1.^s 6

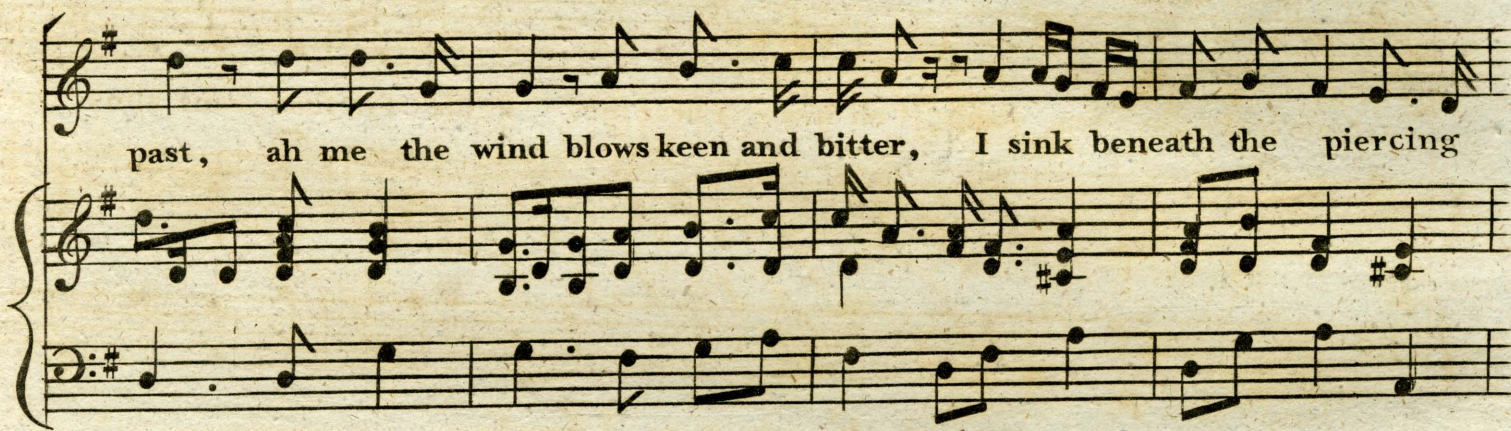
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Lavenu

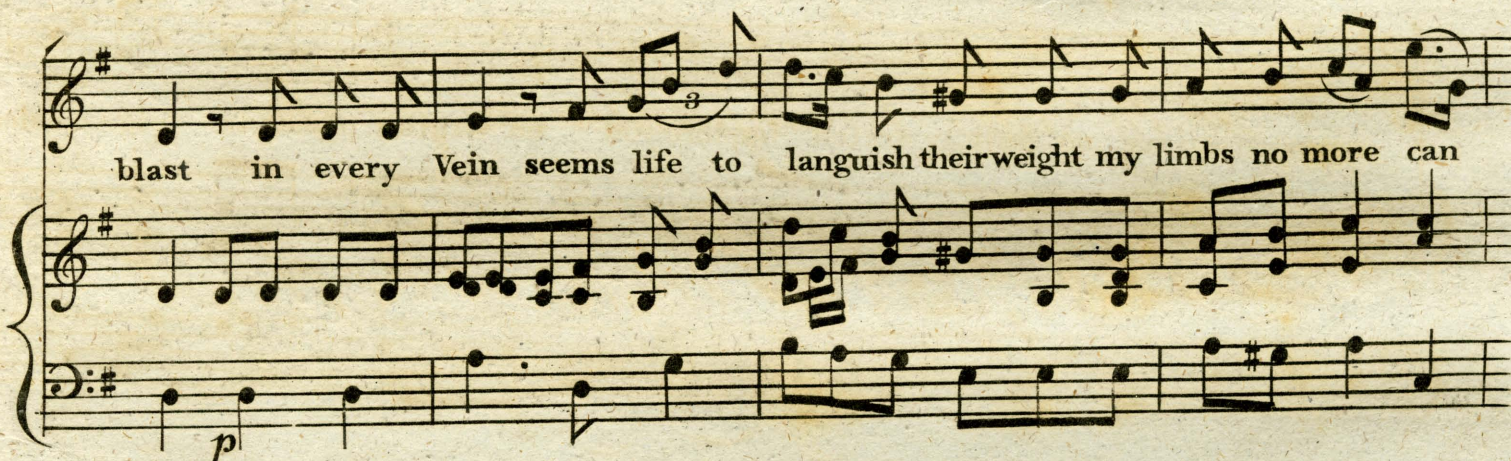
Andante



The frozen streets in Moonshine glitter, the midnight hour has long been

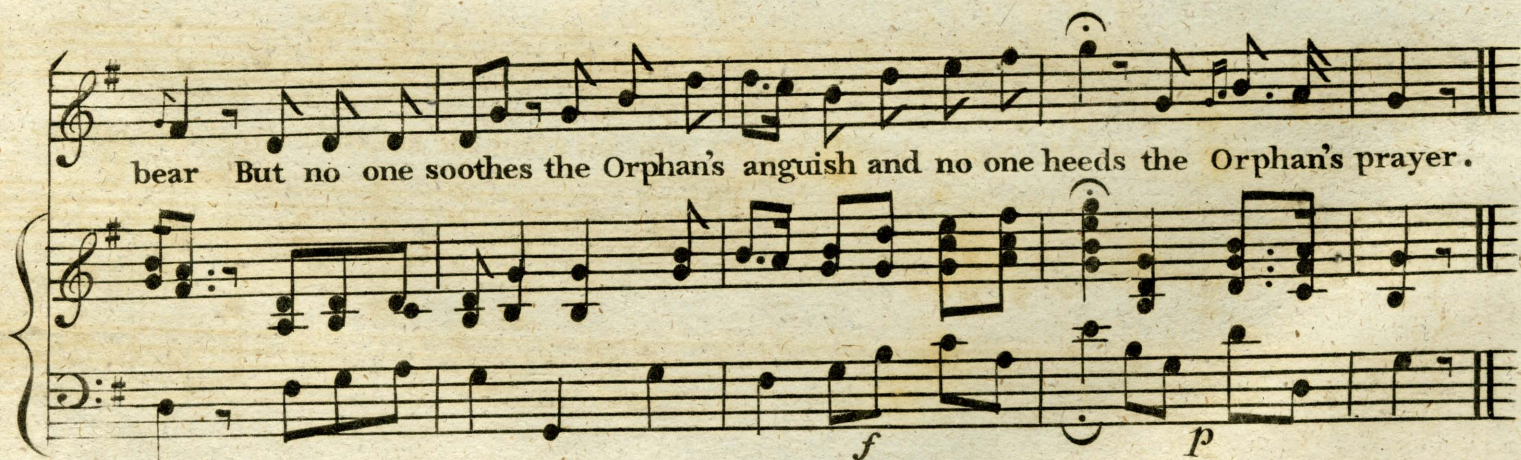


past, ah me the wind blows keen and bitter, I sink beneath the piercing



blast in every Vein seems life to languish their weight my limbs no more can

p



bear But no one soothes the Orphan's anguish and no one heeds the Orphan's prayer.

f *p*

2^d. Verse a little faster

Hark, hark, for sure - - ly footsteps near me. advancing press the drifted

Snow! I die for food oh Stranger hear me, I die for food some alms be =

p

= stow, you see no guilt-y wretch implore you no wanton pleads in feign'd des =

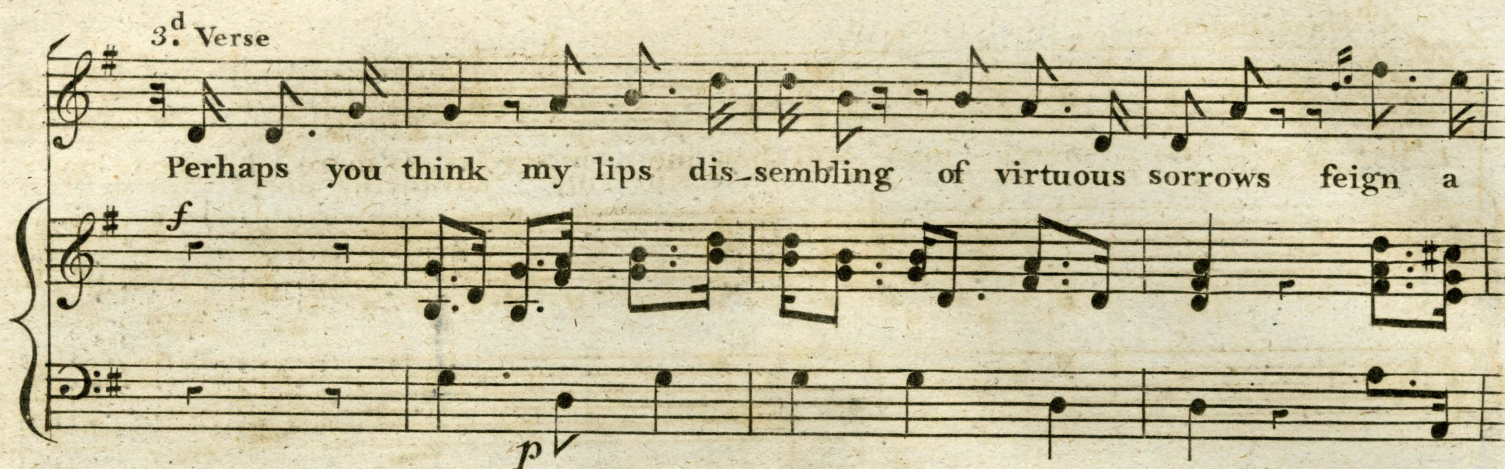
f

= pair a famish'd Orphan kneels before you oh grant the famish'd Orphan's prayer .

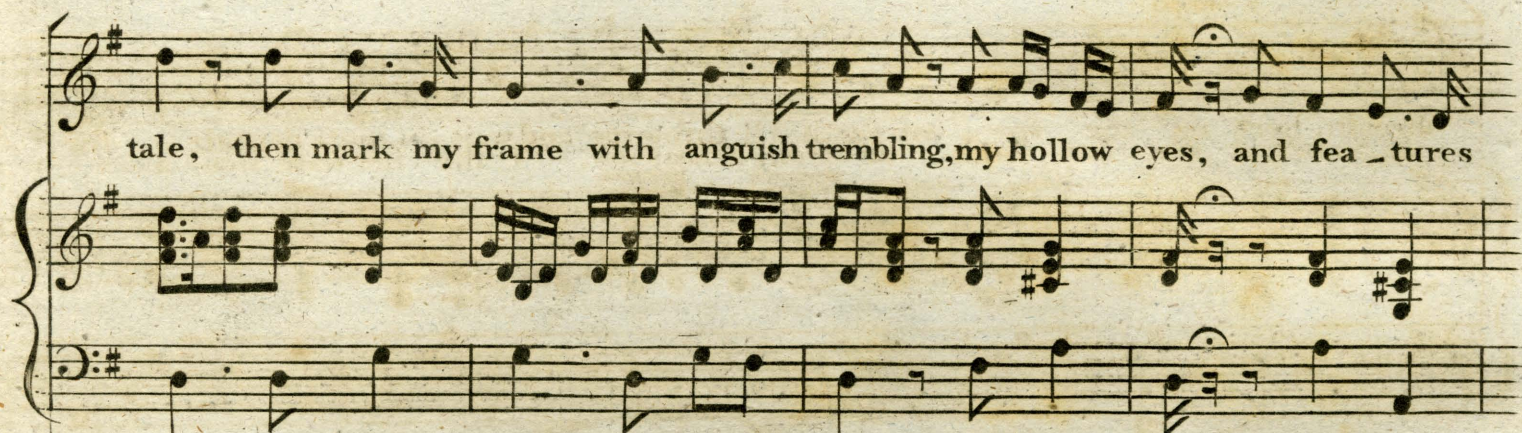
p

3^d Verse

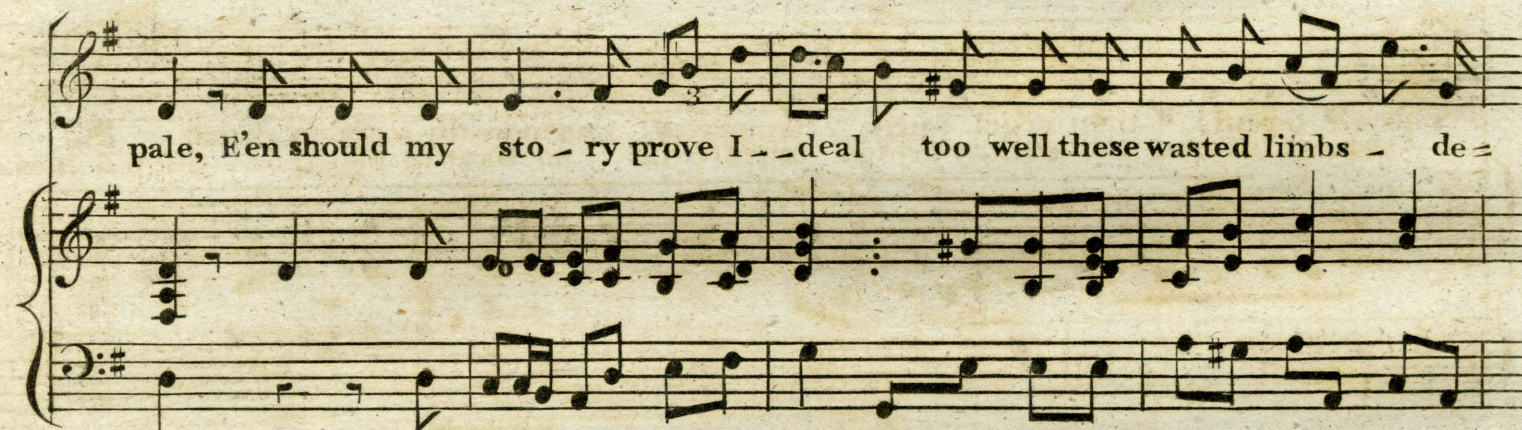
Perhaps you think my lips dissembling of virtuous sorrows feign a



tale, then mark my frame with anguish trembling, my hollow eyes, and features



pale, E'en should my sto - ry prove I - deal too well these wasted limbs - de -



clare my wants at least are not un - re - al then Stranger grant the Orphan's prayer.



4th Verse Faster

He's gone! no mercy man will show me in prayers no more I'll waste my

a tempo

breath, here on the fro - zen Earth I'll throw me and wait in mute despair - for

death farewell, thou cruel world tomorrow no more thy scorn my heart will

p tear. the grave will shield the Child of sorrow and Heaven will hear the Orphan's prayer.

5th Verse

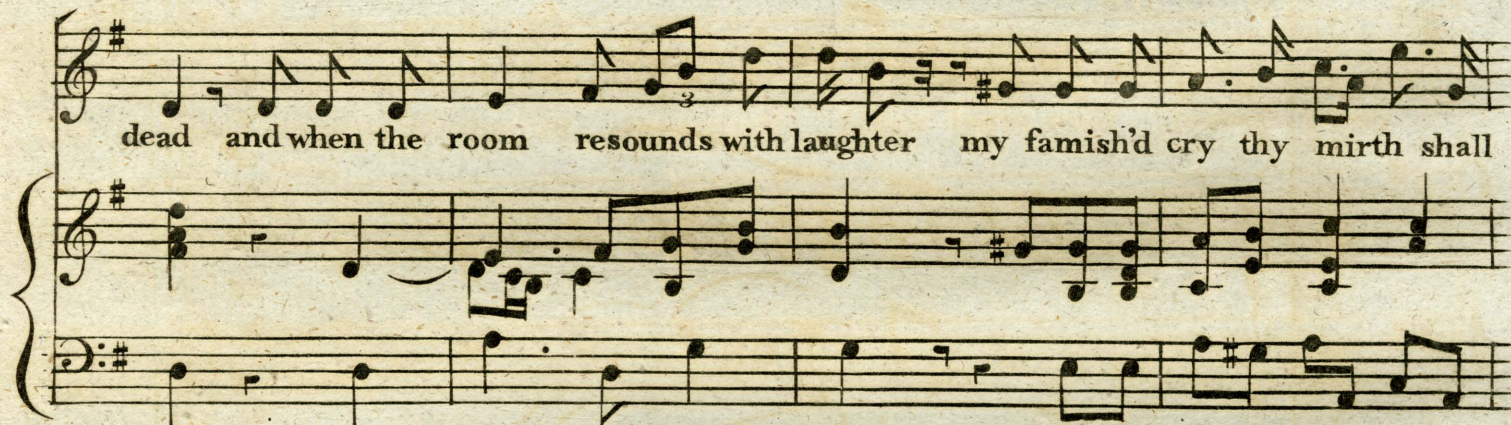
But thou proud Man the Beggar scorning unmoved who saw'st me kneel for



bread, thy heart shall ache to hear at morning that morning found the Beggar



dead and when the room resounds with laughter my famish'd cry thy mirth shall



scare and often shalt thou wish hereafter thou hadst not scorned the Orphans prayer.

